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THE
H O R S E
AND THE
F L I E S.

[Price Six-pence.]



[Printed in London]

THE
HORSE
AND THE
FLIES.
A
TALE.

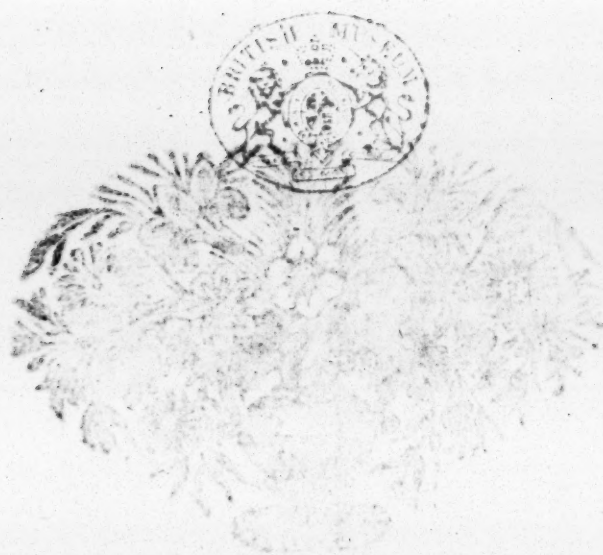


L O N D O N :

Printed by *Charles Corbett*, at *Addison's Head* against St.
Dunstan's Church in *Fleet-street*.

[Price Six-pence.]

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TALL F.



LONDON
Printed by Charles Corbett, at No. 1, Fleet Street.
Duckworth & Co. in Finsbury.
[Illegible text]



THE
H O R S E
AND THE
F L I E S.



F Spirit high, and matchless Might,
Revered in Peace, and fear'd in Fight,
A Lion held his lordly Reign,
The Monarch of a *Libyan* Plain.
But Envy, with relentless Rage,
Pursu'd him thro' the Vale of Age;
Uniting in th' inglorious Chace,
An Animal of ev'ry Race.
The braying Afs, the bellowing Ox,
The Greyhound lank, the sculking Fox,
The Elephant with trunck enorm,
The Adder deaf, the Ape deform,

The short-legg'd Badger, bounding Roe,
 The Sea-gull white, the sable Crow,
 The drowsy Owl with half-shut Eyes,
 And many a Flock of chatt'ring Pies.
 Ten thousand more of various Birth,
 The nameless Sons of teeming Earth,
 And Myriads more of motley Wing,
 Of Birds that prey, and Flies that Sting.
 'Till fore with Years and Pains oppress'd,
 The Monarch sinks in endless Rest.

He dies---but to avenge his Fate,
 Survive Contention, Rage, and Hate;
 While Heaven who gave his Cares repose,
 Deny'd it to his restless Foes.
 For differing Interest now divides,
 The *Hostile* Band on different Sides;
 Each urging their peculiar Aim,
 Beyond what all their Merits claim.

Among the rest a youthful Steed,
 His Strength unequal to his Speed,

Such

Such as the *Libyan* Wastes produce,
 Adapted more to Shew than Use,
 Proud of his Shape and manag'd Grace,
 Disdainful flights the vulgar Pace ;
 Now stately treads the measur'd Round,
 Now Curvets o'er the unfelt Ground ;
 Now sudden starts with Head-long Pride,
 Nor sleepy Rock, nor cavern wide
 Retard his Course, --- The herbag'd Plain,
 The Chrystal Flood allure in vain,
 Trampled and spurn'd---where e'er he goes,
 Alike distressing Friends, and Foes.
 And Friend and Foe alternate feel,
 The Wound of his incautious Heel.
 All, save the Flies, in airy Height
 Companions of his devious Flight.
 With him they mount the cragged Steep,
 With him they skim the Valley deep ;
 With him in circling Clouds they move,
 Before, behind, below, above,

And

And pleas'd he hears their ceaseless Hum,
As warlike Steed th'inspiring Drum.

The Day declines--and now the Flies
Unwilling Part 'till Morning rise ;
Eager their Gambols to renew,
E'er *Phæbus* drink the glitt'ring Dew.
But other Cares the Steed infest,
Exhausting Toil inclines to Rest, —
And hunger Goads---athwart the Shade,
Silent he seeks a flow'ry Glade ;
There stretch'd supine, his Labours End,
Regardless of each humming Friend.

